

## The Kentuckian.

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## Has The Goods.

Chief of Police James Finnerty, of Bessemer, Pa., declared in a statement to the United Press that he had evidence to show that the recent bomb outrages were organized and directed from there.

He declared that seven bombs were manufactured in a shanty near Bessemer and sent out in suit cases to be used by the anarchists. Finnerty said he had established the identity of the anarchist who met death in the explosion at Palmer's home in Washington as Louis Lazduie of Elgin, Ill. "I have the goods," declared Finnerty. "All I need is the help of the Federal authorities in completing a roundup of the bomb plotters."

According to Finnerty, the nation's leading anarchists have been holding secret meetings at Bessemer for several months and collecting funds for financing the bomb outrages.

Then the identity of these men or women is once established, there should be a conviction and execution of every one of them with a promptness to strike terror to all of that ilk and reassure the whole country that no bolshevism will be tolerated on this side of the ocean.

Regarding the suggestion from the Louisville Times that he would be a good man to run for treasurer, the place on the Democratic that is not being sought after, Mayor Walter Gtlin, of Madisonville, says:

"It is true that I have been approached by numerous friends and urged to make the race for state treasurer. I yet have the matter under advisement.

"If it appears to be the desire of my friends and the friends of the party in the state that I become a candidate, I would not be averse to announcing my candidacy, but I do not desire to enter into a contest for the nomination because of the short time intervening before the primary. Mayor Gatlin is the kind of a man need to give strength to any ticket upon which he may have a place. Go to it, Walter.

Just as his father, Owen Curd, 47 year old, a well-to-do Curdsville, Ky. farmer, had his hand upraised to strike his mother after a long quarrel between the two at midnight Tuesday, Robert Curd, 13 years old, raised a shot gun to his shoulder and shot him down before the blow fell. With most of the load in his neck, Curd rushed out of the door and fell dead.

Only a small portion of the telegraphers obeyed Koenekamp's strike order for a nation-wide strike Wednesday. Business was nowhere affected by the strike. The Western Union company expects to fill all places made vacant from its waiting lists.

The leak in the Peace Treaty circles was probed far enough by the Republican Congress to fix the publicity upon the Republicans headed by Elihu Root. Mr. Root justified his action by the fact that Germany had made the treaty public. Further investigation will be dropped.

Carranza is said to be promoting the candidacy of his son-in-law Gen. Candido Aguilar, for president of Mexico. Aguilar is now in Washington seeking to have Mexico admitted to the League of Nations.

President Wilson told representatives of Irish societies in America that he would do what he could unofficially to bring the Irish question to the attention of the other peace commissioners.

## Learning by Experience.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, they that will not be counseled cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.—Franklin

# EDITOR AND WIFE ARRESTED; LIBEL CHARGE

Mrs. A. M. Herndon Refuses Bail; Is Jailed, Swoons After Release.

Russellville, Ky., June 10.—The greatest sensation in the history of Logan county was caused here this morning by the arrest of A. M. Herndon and his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Chandler Herndon, on a warrant charging criminal libel.

The Herndons are editor and associate editor, respectively, of the Russellville Messenger, a weekly newspaper published in this city, and were indicted at the instance of Circuit Judge John S. Rhea by the grand jury recently adjourned.

Capt. Frank Logan, also one of the editors of this paper, was indicted jointly with the Herndons, but is in Lexington attending a meeting of the Grand Lodge, Knights of Pythias. The Herndons refused to give bond and were taken to jail and soon afterwards admitted to bail.

On being released from jail Mrs. Herndon fainted and was taken to a room in a hotel which she was passing at the time. A physician was called and in a short while she had recovered sufficiently to be at her desk in the Messenger office.

## Paper Opposed Rhea.

The indictments were based on an editorial which appeared in the Messenger of May 1, in which the paper announced its purpose to oppose T. S. Rhea as a candidate for Governor, giving as one of the reasons for such opposition that Rhea had been in a party of fraudulent elections in this county, and in commenting upon the situation said:

"We may be asked that, if it be true that the law has been violated, why don't we go into court and ask that those guilty of the violation of the law be punished.

"Our answer is that under the conditions heretofore stated, we consider the fact that the court which tries the case and the Sheriff who selects the jury, both have been elected to office by the same machine, and therefore we do not think there would be much change of conviction. In fact about the same chance as a worsted dog would have chasing an asbestos cat through hell."

## Rhea Demands Indictment.

Circuit Judge John S. Rhea is a brother of T. S. Rhea, who withdrew from the race for Governor, it is said, on account of the newspaper attack above mentioned, and other opposition in his home county.

Judge Rhea called the grand jury together and charged them especially with reference to the publication mentioned, stating that they must indict either the officers of the court or the editors of the paper.

It is said also that when the indictment was not immediately forthcoming he went before the grand jury in person and insisted upon the return of the indictment.

The jailing of Mrs. Herndon especially has aroused public sentiment here as nothing has ever done. She is universally popular, is a daughter of the late Rev. James S. Chandler and a sister of the Rev. J. A. Chandler, pastor of the Lander Memorial Church, Louisville.

She is prominent in club circles and is an officer of the Grand Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star.

She was locked in the dirty jail and was compelled to stand during the time she was there, as there was no chair or other furniture upon which she might sit down. It was exhaustion that caused her to faint when she left the jail.

What may develop in the next day or two is uncertain. The atmosphere is surcharged with excitement.

## Bull Brings \$12,100

In the disposal sale recently of 75 royally bred Jersey cattle at the farm of Peter Lee Atherton, near here, William Ross Proctor, New York broker, paid \$12,100 for Leda Raleigh, four years old, winner of 23 prizes and champion bull of the Atherton farm.

The remaining seventy-four animals sold for \$38,940, or about \$500 per head. Stock fanciers from twenty five states participating in the buying.

## Invites Proposals.

Now that women are about to be given the right to vote we cannot see any reason why they should not be permitted to propose matrimony to any of the masculine sex they fancy. —Baltimore News.

## Mrs. Baker's Old Cat

By DON LA GRANGE

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And who was Mrs. Baker. She was a childless widow who had reached the age of sixty. She had sufficient income to keep her out of the hands of charity. She had her little home in the outskirts of the town, and her companionship for the last ten years had been her cat.

It was an old gray cat. It was a solemn-looking cat. It was a cat which had once been a kitten and frolicked as kittens do, but that time had long passed and the date had arrived when she must ponder over what the future had in store for her. It was this pondering and wondering that made her sit around without ambition and permit the rats and mice to come and go unafraid and untouched.

On a certain summer afternoon Miss Ruth Brighton, wishing for a sight of the trees, birds, lambs, hollyhocks and toadstools of the country, took a street car ride for half a mile, and then walked for the same distance to find herself in front of the Widow Baker's cottage. Just as she arrived the old woman ran out of the gate and screamed:

"Murder! Police! Fire!"

Who was being murdered? Where was the fire? Where the police?

"Come in quick!"

Many a girl would have taken to her heels and clipped it along for a mile without stopping for breath, but Ruth Brighton didn't. She followed



## Returned to the Land of the Living.

the old lady to the porch, and with her looked down at the gasping, outstretched cat.

"She's dying!" wailed Mrs. Baker as she wrung her hands.

"Maybe it's only a fit and we can save her. Get a dish of cold water."

The water was brought and thrown over the grimalkin, and after a long minute she opened her eyes and returned to the land of the living.

"I am thankful to heaven!" plausibly exclaimed Mrs. Baker as she rolled her eyes to the sky.

That day Osborne Chalmers had decided to take a half holiday and a walk into the country in the afternoon. He also wanted to see the trees and birds and lambs and hollyhocks and the rest of the things that make a farmer's life so joyful and innocent that he never sells 13 eggs for a dozen for fear of hurting the feelings of a buyer.

Mr. Chalmers saw a crow. He saw a cow. He saw a smartweed and mayweed and burdocks along the highway. He was just going to see a lot of other things to influence him to buy an 80-acre farm and raise 75 acres of turkeys when he saw a cottage, an old woman, a girl and a blinking old cat.

"Will you come here?" called the Widow Baker as he slackened his pace.

"Is it anything serious?" he asked as he entered the gate.

"My old cat has had a fit!"

"Is it possible!" he replied without cracking a smile.

"And but for this young lady here, who told me to throw cold water on the gasping creature, she'd have been dead by this time!"

"It was a fit, I suppose?"

"That's it."

"Aged cats are subject to them, I believe."

"What will she have another?"

"Very likely to."

"But what would you advise me to do?"

"It seems to me the better way would be to get rid of her. If there was anything I could do I should cheerfully do it, but as there is not I will go on."

Miss Ruth had kept a shoulder to the conversation, and her face was sober as she turned to the widow and said: "I have heard that aged cats are apt to run mad."

"Lands of mercy!"

"You think a good deal of her, so don't, but the safest way is to get rid

of her. If she runs mad she may bite you."

"But how am I going to get rid of her?"

"She ought to be carried off and drowned."

That was all about the cat for a week, as far as the two outsiders were concerned. They both had their walks and returned to their homes.

Very few people would permit a widow's old cat to disturb their peace of mind, but in this case the occasion was furnished by Providence for a special purpose, and in about three days Miss Ruth found herself saying to herself:

"I feel bad for that poor old woman. That cat has got to go, and it will be very lonesome around that house. I'll see if I can't buy her another somewhere."

And Mr. Osborne Chalmers found himself saying to himself: "Darn that old cat! Why should I keep thinking of her! I never gave a cat two thoughts before. Reckon it was because I met a good-looking girl at the same time I met the old cat. If the critter has another fit she'll turn up her toes for good. If I knew where I could find a young cat I believe I would carry it to her."

Providence even went one better than that. It put the idea into Miss Ruth's head to take another country walk and see how the old cat got along. If she had another fit and died of it she would surely promise another cat. Accordingly, she walked.

"I believe I'll just take a walk out there," said Mr. Chalmers. "Seems too bad for that cat to die, when perhaps a word from me would save her life to be a joy to the old woman for years yet. Besides, if the cat is dead it will be rather up to me to supply another. And that young lady that was there the other day—"

Miss Ruth arrived at the cottage. The cat sat on the porch. She hadn't had another fit, but she looked as if she was going to have one at the first convenient opportunity.

"Yes, she looks bad," agreed Mrs. Baker, "and I am going to ask a great favor of you. You see, I am lame, and I can't walk far, and I want the old cat taken away and dropped on the road somewhere. If she is carried a mile I don't believe she can find her way back again."

"But how'll I carry her?" asked Ruth.

"I didn't know that you'd ever come back, but I've thought it all out. We'll put her in a paper floor sack that I have saved. When you get about a mile away empty her out, say 'Shoo!' and that will be the last of her. She'll find a home somewhere."

Miss Ruth agreed to do the errand and after a time started back with the captive. The cat made no great objection to being sacked up. It is possible that she rather longed for a change of environment.

A cat in a flour sack meows and snarls and spits. She claws and bites and walls. She wobbles the sack to and fro and back and forth.

Miss Ruth was hurrying along with that sacked cat when she saw a young man approaching. It was Osborne Chalmers. When he saw the wobbling sack held out at arm's length he suspected its contents and hastened his steps. He was too late, however. What is to be will be. It was foreordained that that cat was to claw her way out, and out she came. The feline could have made a peaceful and honorable retreat into the roadside bushes, but she did nothing of the kind. She clawed off Miss Ruth's hat and scratched her face—she clawed and scratched the face of Mr. Chalmers when he went to the rescue. Then she inflicted two or three bites, and went her way.

The humanitarians were sadly in need of repairs, and they made for the Widow Baker's.

The widow stood on her porch with a glad smile on her face. So did her old cat!

"I'm so glad to see you!" exclaimed the woman as the clawed and scratched and bitten couple entered the gate. "The cat has got over her fits and is playing around as she used to when she was a kitten. It must have been the fright that did it."

When the wounds of the victims had been dressed the widow sent them on their way with:

"I did think the whole world was hard-hearted, but this incident has shown me to the contrary. You are passing by here when you find my cat in a fit. You come to the rescue. You come back the second time to find her ready to have another fit, and you carry her off and give her such a scare that her health is completely restored, and she is good for another ten years of life. May a widow's blessing attend you!"

Miss Ruth and Mr. Chalmers walked away together.

## Read Carefully, and Digest.

One good book, carefully read and deeply enjoyed, all its fine qualities appreciated, its characters loved and hated as the case may be, can net an individual more in mental growth, in pleasure, and in character development than a dozen equally excellent books, slovenly read and not half appreciated.

## Work and Talent.

A talent does not relieve us from the necessity of working. It only shows us the lines in which we can work most effectively. The girl who thinks that because she has a natural taste for music she can dispense with the practice of scales will find herself worse off than another who owns that she has no talent, but is ready to plod. —Exchange.

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### A Fighter's Greatest Fight

By BILLY SUNDAY

(Famous Evangelist)

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THE Final Count of Ten has been Waved by the Great Referee over my old friends, Bob Fitzsimmons and John L. Sullivan, and two Real Good ones of the Ring have Passed out.

Many of the Wise Birds contend—and Maybe they're Right—that Ruby Rob was the Best that ever Slipped On the Leather Covers. He sure was a Destroyer for Speed and a Dreadnaught with the Wallop. And the Bigger they Came, the 'Arder they Fell when once he Pasted them, as he Used to Say.

Good luck to Bob!

Recollection of the Freckled Phenom brings along Memories of the other Star Sluggers of his Day, and the Big Battles they went Through. I've Followed the Fist-Swingers pretty Closely, and I'm Familiar with most of the Great Muscles. But I think the Fiercest Fight that a Champion ever Went Through—and Won—was Outside the Squared Circle. It might be Billed this way:

John L. Sullivan—vs.—John Barleycorn.

And John L., I am glad to say, was the Winner. The Boston Boy grabbed the Decision over the Barleycorn Guy who has been Knocking them all Out Since Booze was Invented. It takes a Good Man to win over John B., but John L. did it, and so can You if you get In There and Determine to Stick.

When John L. was Champion of Champions, Conditions were Somewhat Different from Today. A Successful Scrapper was more of an Idol than a President. He couldn't take a Step without a Mob Tagging him, and there were as many Glins eager to Cut into the Grapes for him as there now are men in a National Army regiment. The Popping of Corks after a Fight was as Noley as Drum Fire on the Somme Front. And John L. got on the Outside of as much of the Stuff as any Human who ever Drew Breath.

But one day after the championship had Gone Glimmering, old John got Hep to Himself. He said: "I'm All Through with the Booze."

There was many a giggle from the Smart Souses who knew how John used to Tuck it Away. They said he would be Going Good if he Rode the Wagon for a Week or Two. But they didn't Count on the Grit that used to allow the Big Fellow to take the Worst Walloppings that Bare Fists could hand him. And they were All Wrong. (12)

It was Grit that Carried him Through. Now, you may not be a John L. with your Mitts. You may not be a Champ at anything. But if you've got any Grit, you'll at least Start your Scrap against old John B., and maybe you'll Put Over the Old Haymaker. You've got a Good Example in Front of You.